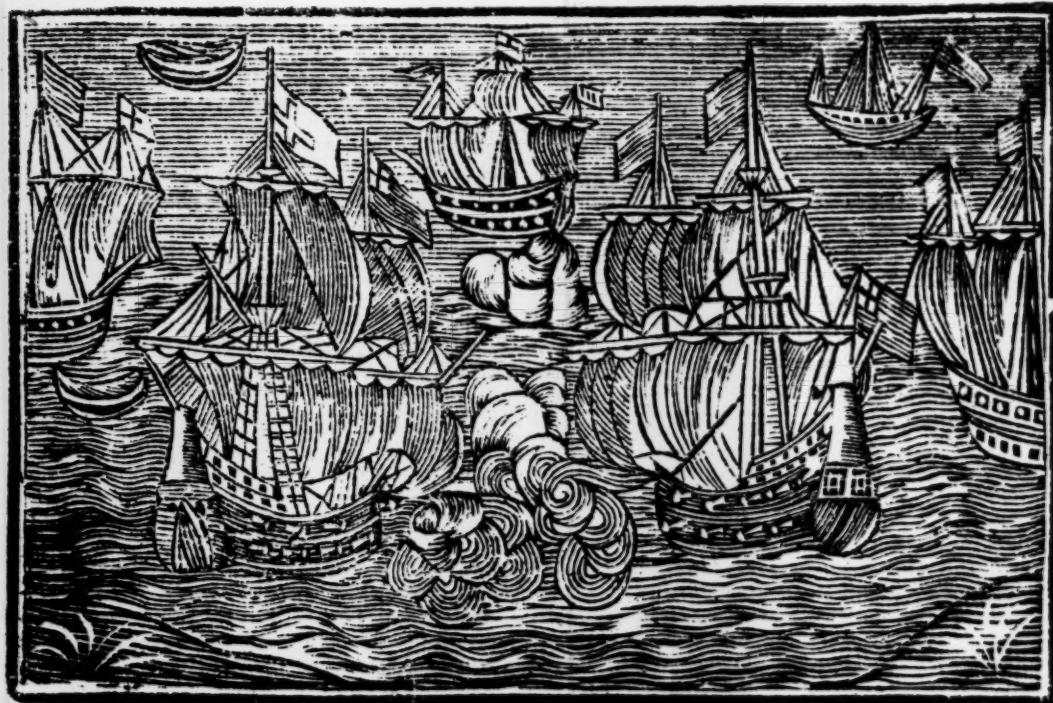


The BRISTOL BRIDEGROOM:

OR, THE

Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter



YOU loyal lovers all, draw near,
A true relation you shall hear,
Of a young couple who prov'd so be
A pattern of true loyalty.
A merchant did in Bristol dwell,
As many people know full well.
He had a daughter, a lady bright,
In whom he plac'd his heart's delight.
He had no child but only she.
Her father lov'd her tenderly.
Many to court her thither came,
Gallants of worth, birth and fame:
Yet notwithstanding all their love,
A young ship-carpenter did prove
To be the master of her heart.
She often said, We'll never part;
As long as life and breath remain
Your company I'll not refrain.

No curst gold nor silver bright
Shall make me wrong my heart's delight.
Now when her father came to know
His daughter lov'd this young man so,
He caus'd him to be sent to sea,
To keep her from his company.
Which when her father came to hear,
Without thought of dread or fear,
She dress'd herself in seaman's hue,
And after him she did pursue.
Unto the captain she did go,
And said, Right worthy sir, 'tis so,
You do want men, I understand,
I'm free to fight with heart and hand.
The captain straightway did reply,
Young man, you're welcome heartily.
A guinea in her hand he gave.
She pass'd for a seaman brave.

Soon after this the ship set sail,
And with a fair and pleasant gale.
But this ship carpenter, her dear,
Did little think his love so near.
She then appeared for to be
A person of no mean degree,
With pretty fingers long and strait.
She soon became a surgeon's mate.

PART II.

IT happen'd so that this same ship,
A-storming of the town of Dieppe,
She lay at anchor something nigh,
Where cannon-bullets they do fly.
Then the first man that wounded were,
Was this young bold ship-carpenter.
When drums beat and trumpets sound,
He in his breast receiv'd a wound.
Then to the surgeon's care was he
With speed brought down immediately.
Whereas the pretty surgeon's mate
Did courteously upon him wait;
She dress'd the dismal wounded part,
Altho' the sight did pierce her heart.
She then did use her utmost skill
To cure him with a right good will.
She cur'd him in a little space.
He often gaz'd upon her face;
Surgeon, said he, such eyes as thine
Did formerly my heart confine.
If e'er I live to go on shore,
And she be dead whom I adore,
I will thy true companion be,
And ne'er forsake thy company.
If she be dead this will I do,
To the female sex I'll bid adieu,
And ne'er will marry for her sake,
But to the seas myself betake.

PART III.

THE merchant's daughter of Bristol, who
Had to her love prov'd just and true,
When many storms were overblown
Unto her love herself made known.
The season of the year being past,
This ship was homeward bound at last.
When into harbour she did get,
The seamen all on shore were set,
But yet of all the whole ship's crew
There not a soul among them knew
That they a woman had so near,
Until she told it to her dear,
To whom she did these words unfold,
Not long ago, cries she, you told
Me plainly that such eyes as mine
Did formerly your heart confine.

Then without any more ado,
Unto his arms instantly she flew.
And cries, My love, thou art my own,
This have I done for thee alone.
His heart was touch'd with joy likewise,
When as the tears stood in his eyes,
He said, Thou hast a valiant heart,
And hast perform'd a true love's part.
Therefore, without any delay,
He dress'd her like a lady gay,
And then they wedded were with speed,
As formerly they had agreed.

PART IV.

THEN to her father's house they went,
And found him in much discontent;
He ask'd him for his daughter dear,
Which pierc'd her father's heart to hear.
He with a mouthful sigh reply'd,
I wish she'd in her cradle dy'd.
Then might I see my darling's death,
When she had yielded up her breath.
But now I ne'er shall see her more,
My jewel, whom I still adore.
O most unhappy man was I,
To part her from your company.
Had I a kingdom now in store,
Nay, had I that and ten times more,
I'd part with it her face to see.
Daughter, would I had dy'd for thee.
The young man hearing what he said,
Reply'd, Your daughter is not dead.
For you within a few hours' space
Shall surely see your daughter's face.
He rode as fast as he could hie,
And brought her home immediately,
And set her in her father's hall,
Where she upon her knees did fall.
Her father was with joy possess'd,
His daughter then he kiss'd and bless'd;
Thrice welcome home thou art to me,
Once more, dear jewel, from the sea.
To him the truth she did relate,
And how she had been a surgeon's mate.
He then did smile, and was much glad,
And gave them all that e'er he had.
She that was seaman and surgeon's mate,
Reserved by the hands of fate,
She now is made a lawful wife,
And living free from care and strife.
Young lovers, now a pattern take,
When you a solemn contract make,
Stand to the same, where'er betide,
As did this faithful loving bride.

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